UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

News Bulletin on India

Reported Effects of Gandhi's Fast

Many negotiations have been going on between leaders of Moslems, Sikhs and Hindus to reach an agreement for greater unity so as to remove the divisive effects of the Government's communal decision. Delegates of these three groups were to meet in Allahabad on October 30, according to an Associated Press dispatch of October 21. The same authority stated on October 11 that leaders of Indian Christians were to meet on October 24 to discuss a proposal for abolishing their separate electorates which the Government had created.

The State of Bohr, near Poona, has officially abolished untouchability in public places such as schools, courts and offices, said the *Associated Press* on October 19.

"Observing the spirit of the Poona Pact, the Hindu Nationalist Party has secured the election to the Delhi Municipal Council of two Untouchables in place of high-caste Hindus," says a dispatch from Delhi in the *London Times* of October 11.

Indian papers report the opening of wells and temples to Untouchables in many parts of India, also many public banquets with Brahmans and Untouchables sitting and eating side by side.

Scotch Missionaries Urge End of Repression

"An appeal for 'magnanimous action' in India is made in a letter which has been addressed to members of Parliament representing Scottish constituencies by a group of Scotch missionaries who are serving or have served in India," says the *London Times* of October 5.

"The signatories write that while cordially appreciating 'the efforts which the National Government are making to expedite the attainment by India of real self-government,' they 'are persuaded that these efforts are doomed to disappointment unless the Administration abandon or greatly mitigate their present policy of government by Ordinances.'

" 'We are not of one mind,' the signatories add, 'as to the extent to which the Ordinances introduced eight months ago were necessary for the maintenance of order. But we are all agreed that these Ordinances have created bitter resentment among all classes of people, and—most ominous of all—among many who were previously consistently friendly in their attitude to the Government.'

"The signatories go on to say that there is danger that 'the severity with which the passive resistance propaganda has been put down may tend to encourage the more irresponsible sections of Indian society toward a belief in agitation of a more secret and violent nature, and thus in certain directions have the effect of increasing rather than diminishing terrorist activity.' The true prestige of British administration in India at this junc-

(*Continued on page* 224)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1932 Number 14

A WISH FOR CHRISTMAS

"If I had the power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves. I would have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people. I would have all the clergymen (of all denominations) admit that they know nothing about theology, nothing about hell or heaven, nothing about the destiny of the human race, nothing about devils, gods or angels. I would have them tell their 'flock' to think for themselves —to be manly men and womanly women—and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness. . . . I would have all the professors in colleges, all the teachers in schools of every kind agree that they would teach only what they know—that they would not palm off guesses for demonstrated truths. . . . I would have all the politicians changed to statesmen, to men who long to make their country great and free, to men who care more for public good than private gain, men who long to be of use. . . . I would like to see all the editors of newspapers and magazines agree to print the truth and nothing but the truth, to avoid all slander and misrepresentation and to let the private affairs of the people alone. . . . I would like to see both drunkenness and prohibition abolished; to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, every school, every asylum, reformatory and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades; kindness reforms and ennobles. . . . I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good. I would like to see a fair division of profits between Capital and Labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little of June with the December of his life. I would like to see an international court established in which to settle disputes between nations, so that armies could be disbanded and all the great navies allowed to rust and rot in perfect peace. I would like to see the whole world free—free from injustice—free from superstition. This will do for next Christmas. The following Christmas I may want more."

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Some of UNITY's oldest and most faithful friends are failing to renew their subscriptions because of financial disability due to the depression. All these friends express a sense of sorrow which is pathetic. Also, UNITY's loss is serious, as we cannot afford to have our subscription list cut down. Here is a chance for other and more fortunate friends among us to celebrate the Christmas season by making gifts to UNITY for the help of these subscribers. Send us $3, $6, $10, $12, and we will see that subscriptions are renewed and our old readers made happy again. Such gifts will be thrice blessed in that they will bless the giver and the receiver—and UNITY.

Christmas is coming hard this year. The Yuletide jollity seems as out of place as a smile at a funeral. The shopping centers, to be sure, are decked out bravely, but this adornment is too obviously a lure for profits to deceive anybody. The December magazines are a study—in size the smallest we have ever seen, and in contents as devoid of seasonal interest as though the editors would have us forget the time. The newspapers are too busy recording the tragic turmoils of the world to give attention to old Saint Nick. All in all, it would seem as though Christmas this year were going by default. And yet it should be the bravest Christmas ever! For when has there been such a chance to celebrate in the true spirit of the Christ? In the traditional Christmas merry-making, there has always been a good deal to sadden the sensitive and discerning. Much of it was sheer selfishness, and most of the rest of it vulgar display. But this year we may keep the birthday of the Nazarene in something of his spirit. For what did he say to those destined to "inherit the kingdom"?

I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me."

And the righteous answered:

Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And there came the immortal reply:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

This season there should be such an outpouring of mercy for the destitute and afflicted as this nation has never seen before. As the depression is unprecedented, so should be our generosity. Perhaps this year we shall have the first real Christmas that we have ever known.

We hope the nation is enjoying the spectacle of a Congress meeting in a time of unprecedented economic calamity, of unparalleled human misery from starvation and cold, of dangerous international misunderstanding fraught with menaces of war, and amid such conditions thinking of nothing but

booze. Do millions cry out for bread? Give them beer! Are workers demoralized from enforced idleness? Dope them with whiskey! Is industry hopelessly entangled in the muddle of debts? Open the breweries, and import the gin and the champagne! If ever there was a more disgusting and inane spectacle than this, we do not happen to be familiar with it. Look at these Congressmen yelling for a drink, while the house burns down, with women and helpless children caught in the flames. But, nauseating as it is to anybody who has sensibility and not a mere parched appetite for booze, we see no reason why the nation should protest or complain. This is what the voters voted for. The Congressmen have an unanswerable case that they are simply carrying out the popular mandate in trying to release over a distressed people the added horror of a liquor flood. If the boozers want it, let them have it, say we. We believe in democracy and liberty just as much as any "old soak" who vindicates his glorious freedom by rolling in the gutter and filling the air with his obscenities. Give the "wets" all the rope they want. They'll hang themselves the more effectually if the hemp is not scrimped. And meanwhile, if the unemployed starve, and government income fails, and war comes—well, what of it? As long as you can get drunk, you can stand anything. So—o—o—o, as Ed Wynn cries out, the 18th Amendment must be repealed. The way to get rid of troubles, Graham, is the way you get rid of kittens. Drown them.

Reports that Mr. Roosevelt is to reverse the stupid policy of three Republican administrations toward Russia, and thus recognize the Soviet Republic, are all to the good. This is good politics. To break absolutely with Republican precedent is the one sure way of holding the allegiance of the hosts of voters who in the last election sought "a new deal." Patriotic organizations of the D. A. R. type may be counted upon to yelp, but their influence is negligible and may be safely disregarded. This recognition of Russia is also good business. A revival of foreign trade would perhaps do more than any other one thing to lift the vast pall of the depression. And if there is any place where such revival can be more promptly and effectually secured than in Russia, we do not happen to know where it is. Even under the absurd conditions which have prevailed during the past twelve years, trade with Russia has gone. Banks and automobile corporations and engineering firms could see the Bolshevik region on the map even if the U. S. government could not. But political recognition would lead to an incalculable release of activity, and thus bring to this country millions of dollars worth of business now denied. If Mr. Roosevelt wants to restore prosperity, here is one effective way. But this proposed recognition is not only good politics and good business—it is good liberalism as well. Mr. Roosevelt posed as a liberal throughout the campaign. He received on this issue the support of the influential Republican progressives of the Norris and La Follette type. We did not take much stock in the President-elect's reputation in this regard. We thought it, and still think it, pretty much of a sham. But if the New York Governor wants to confirm the judgment of his liberal supporters and put all doubters to confusion, he can do no one more decisive thing than to receive Soviet Russia into the family of nations. We believe so emphatically in the policy of recognition that we would gladly eat a full banquet of our own words to see it done.

Some things are funnier than others. But there must at times be something which is funnier than any other. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who wrote of "the height of the ridiculous," thereby indicating that there *is* such a "height." Well, it seemed to be reached the other day when a group of estimable women undertook a movement to exclude Albert Einstein from this country as "an undesirable alien." It will be remembered that the great German savant has done our nation the honor of agreeing to come here for a certain period each year to serve as a member of the staff of the scientific research institute which is to begin its work next year at Princeton. Announcement of this fact some weeks ago was the most exciting news of the day. For Einstein is a scientist of the Newton and Darwin order, and his movements are like the movements of a planet of the first magnitude in the firmament of mind. Therefore, for America to lie in his orbit is a celestial event. But these protesting women will not have it so! That Einstein is one of the supreme intellects of all time is to them a matter of little consequence as compared with the fact that he is a "pacifist," which means that he hates war as an intrusion upon the serious business of mankind and would rid the world of it, and is also a "Communist," which means that he sees some good in Russia. We seem to recall that, on the occasion of Einstein's last visit to California, some Los Angeles patriots wanted him deported. But this protest of the women caps the climax, and we give way to a hilarity which is convulsing. If we ever encounter anything funnier than this, we shall collapse entirely and "pass out" on the wings of inextinguishable laughter. Yet this has its serious side! For we are not the only person who is making merry. Especially in foreign countries,

whose citizens have grown up, this escapade of our patrioteers is bound to stir vast amusement at our expense. These women, in other words, are making America ridiculous in the eyes of the world. They are also humiliating a great and noble man. These are serious offenses, and should rightly be punishable under the law.

All commentators on the late Dr. Patton, of Princeton, agreed that his was one of the giant intellects of our time. His work as an executive was great—it was during his administration as president that Princeton became a university! But it was his writings in the fields of philosophy and theology which must remain as his crowning achievement. It was here that his intellect had full sway, and it ruled as a monarch over a mighty realm. Whenever we encountered Dr. Patton's mind, it impressed us as a veritable reincarnation of the mind of Calvin. But what is such a mind worth, when it does no more for its possessor than it did for this great Presbyterian theologian? For all his gigantic intellectual powers, Dr. Patton never recognized or even understood what modern science had done to Calvinistic orthodoxy. A half-century after Darwin he still accepted the traditional orthodoxy of Christianity. As an expounder of this orthodoxy, he was incomparable. Woe unto the man who took him lightly in debate! But never once did he detect a single fissure in the bulwarks of the faith which was crumbling all about him. We speak of a certain blind spot in the brain—every child has found this spot through easy experiment! Dr. Patton's brain seemed to be all blind spot, so far at least as Christian theology was concerned. Which raises anew the question as to what such a brain is worth! Intellect, it seems to us, is not enough. Along with mental faculties, however superb, must go a certain sensitiveness, or awareness, which will enable a mind to escape living in a vacuum and come in touch with factual reality. Dr. Patton was a kind of Calvinistic Thomas Aquinas. He summed up with stupendous intellectual grasp and insight a theological system which was already dead.

We beg herewith to announce two recent changes in our editorial staff. In place of Mr. Raymond Palmer, resigned, the Directors have appointed Rev. Raymond Bragg to the Editorial Board. Mr. Bragg is a Unitarian clergyman, now Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. The second change is an exchange—of Professor M. C. Otto, transferred to our list of Editorial Contributors, for Rev. W. Waldemar W. Argow, transferred to our Editorial Board. Mr. Argow, a Unitarian clergyman, is now minister of the May Memorial Church in Syracuse, New York. We welcome Mr. Bragg to our group, and Mr. Argow to the more active duties of his new position.

Plato Again

The political sham battles of the last months have been very hard on one's eyes. Smoke has a painful physiological effect on one's organs of sight, and makes you cry. When you cry, everything looks blurred. Laughing sometimes has the same effect. But that's the purpose of a political campaign—it clouds the vision.

To correct such a condition read Plato again. You may not wholly sympathize with some of his proposals—to take children of a tender age away from the pernicious influence of the home, to establish the science of eugenics on a compulsory basis, to so train the boys in the noble art of self-defense as to qualify them for the Notre Dame football team, to set up a state governed by a select minority—These and a lot of other ingredients of the great utopia may fall harshly upon our traditional ears; but to feel that great urge of which these proposals are but incidents is to stand on the summit of a great mountain and catch glimpses of the Promised Land just this side of the horizon.

The setting of Plato's stage, like that of our own day, was marked by one of the great struggles of history. The geographical expanse of the Peloponnesian War was not so great as that of the World War of our own time, but chronologically it was much longer. For thirty years the tides of hope and despair moved backwards and forwards between the armies of Sparta and the naval forces of Athens. Compared with them we got off easy. What a depression they must have had after that war, if the by-products of their day were at all comparable to ours!

Such periods invariably impell certain minds of an inquiring turn to ask questions. It is good to read Plato again for the reason that some of these questions are answered intelligently for the first time, and for perhaps the last. The youth of Athens, some of them at any rate, asked these questions, and Socrates answered them—What are justice and morality and pity and freedom and courage and honor? Wherein lies the authority of the state? Where do we get our ideas? These are awkward questions, especially when the answers

are out of line with the established order of things. But the influence of Socrates was designed to corrupt the youth of Athens, and it was time for Socrates to die.

The young and corrupted Plato is said to have gone on a long journey following the death of his master. Whether to escape or forget matters little. Tradition has it that he found himself now in Sicily, now in Egypt. Civilizations even more ancient than his own contributed to the richness of his mental treasure. Judea gave him a sense of kinship with her uncompromising prophets, while the Ganges watered the gardens of his mystical imagination that later generations might see beauty and acquaint themselves first hand with deity. These are some of the elements which contributed to that universal appeal of which Emerson speaks:

> This citizen of a town in Greece is no villager nor patriot. An Englishman reads and says "how English!" a German—"how Teutonic!" and Italian—"how Roman and how Greek!" As they say that Helen of Argos, had that universal beauty that every body felt related to her, so Plato seems, to a reader in New England, an American genius. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.

Omar said of the Koran, "Burn all of your libraries, for their value is in this one book." Read "The Republic" again today, and you will find an analysis of all the perplexities that baffle our Twentieth Century civilization. In his various travels Plato had found examples of numerous forms of government with which we are experimenting today. His choice was aristocracy; governed by guardians, both educated and trained, physically fit, religiously faithful, chastened of personal ambition, free from the slavery of material possession, though provided with the necessities of life, above all things capable of using their minds.

> Until philosophers are kings and the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and wisdom and political leadership meet in the same man, cities will never cease from ill, nor the human race.

Next in value Plato regarded the system of the Spartans, timocracy, the apotheosis of honor and bravery, rulership by the fighting men. Next comes an oligarchy of wealth. Well down the line we find democracy, and last of all, despotism, with authority in the hands of selfish men whose sole motive is the satisfaction of their personal ambitions.

If Plato were to come back again, he would find all of these varieties in the modern world—all excepting his cherished dream of an aristocracy. He would probably read the pages of the New York *Tribune* with mingled whimsicality and sorrow, as Mr. Walter Lippmann lays bare the limitations of our modern democratic state. By what token do the 51% who happened to have voted right on the eighth day of November last regard themselves as the lords and masters of the 49% who voted wrong? Of course, the proportions were not exactly like that, nor do all of the victors take themselves quite so seriously as does Mr. Garner, but the principle is the same. The one justification for majority rule seems to be that it is strong enough to impose its rule.

What impresses one about Plato, as you read him again, is the vigor of his approach, and the determination of his will to stick to his objective to the end of the chapter. Other sectarians of his day, such as the Epicureans and the Stoics, pale into insignificance in the light of this sun of righteousness. He comes out into the open field squarely, and gives battle to the hosts of appetites and passions. Carlyle says of him that life is not a May game, but a battle and march, a warfare against principalities and powers. Here is no gentle persuasive prophet. Here is the uncompromising foe of compromise.

It would be best for everybody to be governed by a just and divine principle, which ought, if possible, to reside in a man's own soul. But if it does not, it would seem somehow as though this principle, if there be any means of doing so, must be imposed upon him from without. In the ninth book of "The Republic" Glaucon and Socrates are speculating as to whether there is any country to which a person desiring to be so governed can go:

> . . .Well, said I, perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it for him who wishes to behold it, and, beholding, to organize himself accordingly. And the question of its present or future existence on earth is quite unimportant. For in any case he will adopt the practices of such a city, to the exclusion of every other. . . .

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

The Texas Christians beat the Southern Methodists at football. But we imagine the Holy Rollers must be the religious champions of the country in this game.

The country never discovered how funny Will Rogers could be until he began to take himself seriously as a statesman.

Trying to make a Congressman understand the question of the international debts is like trying to make a child understand the principles of economics. Infantilism is in both cases fatal.

We can hardly wait until the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt on March 4th next, to see the coming of those "happy days" he promised the electorate so blithely. Won't it be grand to see the farmers relieved, the workers at work, and plenty of money

everywhere! We are only sorry that the Norris Amendment is not already in effect, so that those "happy days" might come in January.

We saw the other day a group-picture of the Democratic leaders of the new Congress, with whom President-Elect Roosevelt has been conferring. It reminded us of the story of old Andrew Peabody, of Harvard, who had to read in the Chapel, on a certain Thanksgiving Day, the official proclamation signed by the then Governor, Benjamin F. Butler. Reading out Butler's name at the close of the document, Prof. Peabody exclaimed with unprecedented poignancy and fervor, *"God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"*

Ironies of Circumstance: (11)—that Sunday, established and maintained by the sanction of religion, is now a day for golf, week-end parties, hiking trips, newspaper reading, family reunions, and, er . . . church when there is nothing else or better to do!

J. H. H.

The American Liberal and the Liberal Program

Dr. George Crile of Cleveland says that the death of human beings is usually unnatural. Unnatural in the sense of being brought on prematurely by avoidable errors in living.

Is it not probable that political and economic organisms are also subject to some similar rule? Is it not probable that our economic system, namely, capitalism, and our form of government, namely, democracy, have deteriorated not so much because of vices inherent in them, as through the attacks of a system of privilege and unfair advantage, which we might have prevented, and still may—if we think clearly and follow thought by action?

I offer the suggestion that what the country requires is not the abandonment of our present systems, sadly in need of renovation as they may be, but rather a clarification of our aims and the development of a will to achieve them. As Emerson says, when you know where you're going, the world stands out of your way. And our present troubles come not from lack of proper institutions and machinery with which to do our work, but from having no clear-cut idea of what our work really is. If our goals were defined, we would reach them in a surprisingly short time, and the kind of machinery used in reaching them would prove a rather secondary matter.

Let me hasten to assure any of my socialist friends who may be present that, when I speak of the lack of a clearly defined objective and means of reaching it, I have not them in mind. The socialists are fortunate in having no troubles of that sort. They are the fundamentalists of politics. They are the fundamentalists of economics. The ultimate truth was revealed to them once and for all by a learned gentleman in the middle of the nineteenth century, just as it was revealed to the Jews by Moses at an even earlier date.

Now, in spite of much that is being said to the contrary, my guess is that this country is not going to change over to socialism, or fascism either, for many a long year. My guess is that we are going to worry through under our present system longer than anyone in this audience will live to see. It is true the world has changed in many ways—changed fast and furiously since the war. Yet, notwithstanding the predictions of a few very conservative and a few very radical people (who agree on more subjects than they would care to admit) I don't see fascism in the offing. The talk that we are drifting smack into fascism does not impress the hearer, though I think it generally thrills the speaker. So, for the moment, let us politely table fascism and go on to more profitable subjects.

Besides fascism, the only alternative to the existing order is socialism. And by this I mean the Marxian system in which industrial competition and the profit motive are non-existent. But when one examines its record in the United States, socialism does not seem imminent. Apparently it has made little headway in the last decade. For in spite of hard times, in spite of terrific suffering and unemployment, conditions that are said to furnish the proper breeding ground for socialism; in spite of having as its leader a man of admirable character and intelligence who commands the respect of everybody (except our little communist group, whose professionally bad manners concede virtue to no one—least of all to themselves), Mr. Thomas polls in 1932 less votes than Mr. Debs in 1920.

According to the World Almanac, Eugene Debs polled over 200,000 votes in New York State when he ran against Harding and Cox in 1920 and over 900,000 in the entire nation. Twelve years later, Norman Thomas, according to the New York *Times,* polls under 160,000 votes in New York State and around 800,000 in the nation. Well, if socialism cannot do better than that at a time like this, under the leadership of Norman Thomas, its future does not seem rosy. And remember that in Europe, which has been shaken by wars, depressions and poverty galore, not a single people has adopted socialism except the Russians. And I am not by any means sure they have.

But assuming that Russia is a socialist republic and not a fascist dictatorship, and we need not argue that out, the fact of socialism's adoption in Russia in no degree forecasts its adoption in America. There has never been much likeness between the ground in which socialism flourishes in Russia, if it does flourish, and the soil of this country. And the result of Tuesday's election seems to show there is even less than we had imagined.

One common argument made for socialism is that, whereas we have millions of unemployed here under capitalism and democracy, Russia has no unemployed at all. Quite true. But suppose the farms in the United States had not yet developed to a point where their produce could feed the people. Suppose there weren't enough machines and factories here to clothe and shoe us; suppose we

needed more highways, railroads, power plants, bridges, more farm machinery, more buildings—more of almost everything—as in Russia. How long do you suppose our unemployed would be walking the streets looking for jobs?

Capitalism has its terrible defects which must be cured or we will try something else—anything else in time. But to charge the present state of things to our system of government and economics, rather than to their perversion and abuse by selfish and short-sighted people, whom in the name of commonsense we must hold in check, is as silly as to say that the industrial and agricultural vacuum of Russia would not absorb the labor there, under our system or any other.

Now, what I would like to suggest is this. If the chances are ten to one, and I think they are, that we're going on for a good long time under the present order of things, shaping and adapting it, we hope, to the needs of the time, the sensible, though less exciting, thing to do is not to chase off into the sky and try to rope some legendary Pegasus, whatever the intellectual delights of such a pursuit may be, but to take the horse we already have in the stable, and, tough though the job may be, make him into a fairly serviceable animal. For the present, at all events, he's the only horse we've got.

And that, as I see it, is precisely what justifies the existence of the American liberal—the poor, despised liberal, who lacks both the dignified but glacial immobility of the conservative and the dramatic appeal of his lightfooted brother of the left wing. Yet this poor liberal, so far as the record shows, is the only force that has actually done anything useful through political action in the last generation. He is certainly the only person interested in making the horse pull the load.

If our public domain has not all been swiped with the kind co-operation of conservative statesmen of both parties at Washington; if the people still own power sites, forests, coal and oil fields, and mineral deposits; if private monopoly has not yet been legalized and put where we can't attack it; if the courts, and especially the Supreme Court, have not been packed exclusively with men who understand property rights—and not much else; if the capture of our schools and colleges, through the cold cash and propaganda of the utility companies, has been bared and checked, temporarily at least; if free speech, press and assembly are still able to sit up and take nourishment; if the farmer and the unemployed worker have not been wholly forgotten; if the country has not quite given in to materialism; if the underdog still has friends; if hope survives and there is still a fair chance for change and improvement without going through the process of revolution, which so generally carries nations back to old tyrannies under new names—it is largely because we have had a few staunch liberals in office at Washington and scattered through the states, in positions of real power, where they could to some extent stem the tides of greed and reaction. And that is why many of us welcome the election of Franklin Roosevelt and the coming of what we hope will prove a liberal and understanding administration.

While our more radical friends have lectured bravely and written brilliantly on the state of the nation—and some of them have done a magnificent work of education—the men who have actually stood in the trenches and kept the country from being sacked by a plutocracy as gross as any the modern world has seen, have been the liberals.

Bryan, Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, LaFollette, Brandeis, Holmes, Beveridge, Dolliver, Bristow of Kansas, Heney, Johnson and Kent of California, Clyde Kelley of Pennsylvania, Jeannette Rankin, George Record of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, William B. Colver, Hunt of Arizona, Norris, Wagner, LaGuardia, Grace Abbott, the young LaFollettes, Frances Perkins, Murphy of Detroit, Wheeler, Costigan, Cutting—you may fill in the roster to your own taste! To the faithful and arduous work of such men and women, the country owes a tremendous debt, a debt far greater than many of us realize.

Now, it is true the liberals have failed to evolve a national program. It is true they have not solved many of the vital questions of the time. But, for that matter, neither has anyone else. It is true they have not gone far toward answering the question of unemployment. And with twelve millions idle, and a great part of them perhaps permanently so unless something really basic is done, we must solve that question or our system will smash—and deserve to; there's little doubt about that. But that we can solve it under our form of government and economic system, I confidently believe. I think we will solve it as soon as enough of us realize that we have got to, or go down.

It may take drastic changes in economic organization, as well as in our concept of the functions of government. But that is no insuperable obstacle. It may mean changes in the Constitution. But we have already laid violent hands on the Constitution some nineteen times and the republic survives. We may have to limit hours of labor in machine industry. We have enormous and unexplored powers within the Constitution under both the interstate commerce and the welfare clause—and maybe under others. So far, we seem to have invoked the Constitution chiefly to find out what we cannot do. From now on we must look at it in another way—with an affirmative rather than a negative purpose.

If, for some solutions, we have to forage in the pantry of so-called state socialism, there will be nothing new about that. All governments are doing scores of things which would have been called rank socialism fifty years ago. They have learned that such things are a part of the function of every system of government.

The tremendous problems arising from the depression will irresistibly force changes on us. If the Democratic administration should turn to the right and go conservative, they may create a new party. In any case they will cause a more definite division between the liberals and the conservatives than has occurred in American politics since the Civil War.

Under the Republican administration, the consumer has been forgotten, and we have made the cardinal mistake of looking at America as a nation of producers only. It is this tragic misconception that has been preparing the present crisis for many years. Men like Coolidge, Hoover, Mellon and

Mills have played an unhelpful part in public life precisely for the reason that they have been blind to the decline in the purchasing power of the people as well as to its corollary, unemployment, just as they have been blind to the fact that our increasing concentration of wealth in a few hands has naturally stimulated production at the cost of a diminished power of the masses to buy what is produced.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his San Francisco speech, which especially aroused the ire of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills, pointed out that America has reached the time when our emphasis on production should be checked or reversed until the consuming public is economically strong enough to absorb the products of our machines.

Our utility problem is also immensely important. First, because it affects the cost of living; and again, and still more serious, because under the present system of private ownership and state and federal regulation, the utility companies, like the bootleggers, have an apparently irresistible temptation to corrupt and control the government and the regulating bodies, in order to protect the profits of their racket.

While Governor, Mr. Roosevelt has more than once pointed out the great difficulties of regulating utility monopolies. In his Portland, Oregon, speech on September 21st, he said that

> a utility is in most cases a monopoly, and it is by no means possible in every case for government to insure at all times from mere inspection, supervision and regulation that the public should get a fair deal—in other words, to insure adequate service and reasonable rates. I therefore lay down the following principle: That where a community, a city or county or a district is not satisfied with the service rendered or the rates charged by the private utility, it has the undeniable right as one of its functions of government, one of its functions of home rule, to set up, after a fair referendum has been taken, its own governmentally owned and operated service.

In the same speech, he also said that, if we can't regulate the power plants on federal power sites so as to get fair treatment, we must take them over and run them ourselves. I think that is commonsense. I think we will take them over, and within a reasonable time. And I am confident that our municipalities will own and operate their light, power, traction, and telephone plants. Many of them have found it necessary to do so already. In fact, all the natural monopolies, that is to say, the industries where competition is not practicable and economical, such as telegraph, telephone, railroads, etc., will eventually be owned and operated by the federal, state, or municipal governments, as the case may be.

As I see it, however, the industries which are not monopolistic by nature, and they form the great bulk, will go on being conducted by private enterprise, with prices fixed by competition and the law of supply and demand.

As to the socialist plan of the government taking over industry in general, it does not seem to me likely that any group of officials, whether you call them commissioners or commissars, will be found who, in the long run, will prove wise enough successfully to shelve the economic law of supply and demand, in the vast welter of industries that exist in a modern nation, and not only manage these industries but arbitrarily fix prices and say how much a pound of bread, or steel, or cotton, or coal, or a pair of shoes, or a spring hat, shall fetch. That would be too big a job even for a great engineer like Mr. Hoover.

On the other hand, railroading and the conduct of utilities in general are comparatively simple and well developed arts, which in most civilized countries are already in the government's hands. In Bismarck's time, Germany, upon the advice of a royal commission, nationalized the railways, not because it wanted the government to go into the railroad business, but for the reason that, short of nationalization, it was found impossible to keep the railroads from discriminating in favor of certain powerful shippers. It was simply a question of seeing to it that everyone should have access to transportation on equal terms. We have this same transportation problem here, in the fruit business, the coal business, the iron and steel business, the oil business, and many others. And we will solve it in time, just as Germany did, not as a step toward socialism but, on the contrary, toward equality of private industrial opportunity.

Under liberalism, this country will reduce its tariffs.

It will cut down the concentration of wealth by income and inheritance taxes.

It will protect and develop our natural wealth and see to it that the main sources of energy and the principal raw materials of industry shall be obtainable on fair and equal terms by all who wish to use them.

It will set the idle man and the idle dollar to work in producing needed forms of wealth. It will care for the unemployed by direct aid, as well as by employment on public works paid for by federal bond issues.

It will recognize the force of Mr. Roosevelt's statement in his letter to Mr. Lowe Shearon, that he stands for "the inherent right of every citizen to employment at a living wage."

With the growing approval of liberal economic thought, and as a means of restoring industrial activity, it will bring about an inflation, or rather reflation, of the currency until the dollar shrinks to something like its normal buying power.

Liberalism will not look upon either finance or industry in a less or more friendly way than it looks at labor or agriculture. But it will give its first attention to those who are most in need of help, recognizing that the weakness of one class brings weakness to all.

It will reduce our military expenditures.

It will protect civil liberties.

It will expose the folly of jingoism and promote international friendship.

It will scale down or postpone the payment of foreign war debts, if our debtors cannot pay without great hardship, not because the money is not due, but since we may thereby strengthen our foreign markets and restore trade.

It will demand a State Department that is too proud either to act as an accessory in selling worthless South and Central American bonds to the public, or to bully small nations in the interests of American promoters.

It will teach the public to expect a reasonably high standard of service from its government, and to regard every official, whether doorman, senator, supreme court judge, or president, as no better than, but just as good as, any other hired man—as long as he behaves himself. It will suggest that a public servant shall receive respect, not in proportion to the dignity of his office, but to the intelligence and conscience with which he fills it.

I do not contend that the program I have outlined is today the program of the liberals in Congress, or of the President-elect. But I do say it is the program to which the philosophy of liberalism, plus experience and the force of events are fast bringing them.

It is clear that the liberals are the only natural and sympathetic leaders of that hopeful and important forward movement which, checked in 1917 by the world war, which, like all wars, crushed liberalism for the time being, is now revived, both by the failure of the conservatives and the country's need for positive action.

Most of us believe that better times are on the way. But should worse times come, and drastic change and action be forced on us, we would rather see the liberals in power than the conservatives who have shown so little ability to face emergencies, or the radicals who have never known the responsibilities of power.

Certainly, there is no group but the liberals to whom we can turn for progressive deeds in politics.

AMOS PINCHOT.

The Innkeeper's Blunder

"I tell thee there is no room! I can't take thee in! Travellers came early and took every bed and I myself must sleep on the bare floor in the hallway. Begone! I have told thee thrice that my slave will show thee to a stable down the street where thou mayest stay!"

The innkeeper closed the window and grumblingly retreated into the hallway of the inn where his wineskin lay on a table. It had been a night of many irritations for him. First, Shalah, the rug merchant had haggled over the price of a night's lodging and then had come news that a guest had left without paying. Scarcely had he vented his spleen over the absconding guest than a graybearded man with a young wife had stopped at the door of the inn. Obviously they had needed shelter for they looked spent and the young wife was ill but, also, they gave the impression that they were without money and so they had been turned away and told to go to a nearby stable. Persistent souls they were, for three times had the innkeeper refused them but the graybearded husband had pressed the case until it was necessary to shout at him and be very firm to get rid of the pair. Very annoying, such guests.

The innkeeper drank a long draught from his wineskin and stumbled up the ladder to the loft where he slept. He had drunk deeply from his supply of harsh red wine all evening, for the irritating rounds of his work had made him crave the sedative properties of his heavy wine and now it coursed through his veins with a gentle glow.

He stretched himself out on his rug. He was very weary and felt a slight tinge of disappointment that he could not remain awake longer to enjoy the pleasant exhilaration of the wine he had consumed. His eyes closed and he felt himself gently drifting into the embrace of sleep. Once he aroused slightly; he thought he heard the padding of camels feet in the street. Then he nearly sank into the pit of quiet oblivion, which sleep offered, and he again started up, for a shepherd's horn sounded outside the tavern and mingled with it were thin fragments of song which seemed to be coming from a great height, but the innkeeper was too heavy from a strange mingling of muscle weariness and wine drowsiness and he sank into a deep slumber.

When the innkeeper awoke it was with one of those slow awakenings that leave one in doubt for many minutes as to where one is. For a moment he would seem to be in his own room and then for a brief span he would imagine himself in another village where he once kept a hostelry. Then he would doze a few seconds and then arouse himself again. At last he was fully awakened and the first thing of which he was conscious was a terrible, burning thirst. He seized the water skin which lay by his bed and drank from it long and feverishly.

Before he finished the draught he became aware of a loud pounding on the cedar lintel of the door to his room. He hurriedly arose and opened it and there, her eyes bright from suppressed anger, stood Sheila, his wife. The innkeeper had avoided her the night before because she had been in a bad mood all day. Her humor had not been improved by his drinking for Sheila disliked to see him in his cups and the fact that she had been busy all day, looking to the comfort of guests up to the point of utter exhaustion, had been nothing to cool her smouldering mood. Sheila was not long in disclosing the fact that her temper had not mellowed durthe night.

"Thou hadst better rouse thyself, sodden fool," she almost screamed. "Thy blunder hast cost thee a pretty sum!"

"What sayest, thou, woman?" shouted the innkeeper with a show of bravado though he inwardly quaked for he feared his wife's tongue. "What meanest thou? Why this tirade while our guests try to sleep?"

"Sleep indeed! Thou are the only one sleeping here! Dost thou think any guest could remain on his bed while the whole village is pulsing with excitement? Knowest thou, dolt, that the guests which thou didst turn away last night with thy lie are none other than those to whom the new Messiah has been born? Down the street in the stable where thy slave took them at thy bidding lies that mother and in the manger is that New King of which the scriptures tell. From all parts of the East have come wise men bearing rich gifts. 'Tis said they were led by a star of great brilliance which stopped and hung over the stable. Thy slave, with his babbling tongue, hast told all these wise men from the East of thy rudeness to these

strangers and now they, yea, even the shepherds who came to see this new Child King, refuse to even as much as buy a strand of figs or a cup of wine at the inn. Fool that thou art. Were it not for thy wine-bibbing and thy arrogance, all this trade would be thine." Sheila was panting from anger. She was a thrifty woman and to see this custom go elsewhere had angered her beyond endurance.

The innkeeper knew from long experience that it would not be wise to argue the case with his spouse. Then, too, he could not deny that her views on the matter were right and his one thought was to be away from her flood of anger. Throwing his robe about him he pushed past the woman with a snarl of impatience.

Once outside the inn the man was astonished at the crowds in the streets. Most of the people were strangers. Never had the innkeeper seen, even on festival days, so many folk. A motley crowd they were too. Jews, Pharisees, rich merchants and Priests and scattered among them beggars and shepherds from the nearby hills. Aimlessly they were wandering about, vaguely sensing some great event had taken place, yet scarcely comprehending what it was.

The innkeeper pushed his way through the crowd toward the stable. As he neared it the throng seemed to thicken. Close up to the stable door he went and saw a score or more of camels kneeling near, chewing their cuds or drowsing with their great loose lips hanging down. The people had crowded so close to the door of the stable that it was with difficulty the innkeeper could get to the sill. At last as some of the people stepped aside, the innkeeper clutched the iron hasp, swung the door open and entered.

Once inside the sight which met the innkeeper's eyes was enough to cause his sensuous mouth to stand agape. In the subdued light which filtered through, the innkeeper saw, crouched near a manger, pale and white-robed, the woman who the night before had called at the inn with the bearded man. Now, however, the look of suffering which had been on her face the night before was replaced by a smile of contentment and peace.

Nearby stood a number of stable beasts; an ox, contentedly chewing hay, an ass with his head in a manger and a calm, brown-eyed cow. A pair of doves were picking about in a handful of straw and in one of the mangers could be seen the outline of a child as it nestled in the hay with its heavy wrapping of swaddling clothes.

Kneeling about the manger were a dozen or so men. Some of them were richly robed and heavily turbaned. They wore, for the most, long beards of raven black though some had the whitened beards of old age. Mingled with these richly clad men were shepherds with the dust of the hills on their clothes and their wooden crooks beside them. Near the manger stood one great, gray-bearded shepherd whose eagle-like features and powerful frame marked him as a man of unusual physical and mental power. He leaned on his staff and seemed to be surveying the whole scene. The bearded man who had accompanied the woman to the inn the night before bent over the manger. There was a look of pleasure and pride on his face and he arranged the wrappings of the infant and at the same time looked at his wife and then to the innkeeper who was standing, stock-still, just inside the stable. Then the bearded man looked at his wife again and nodded significantly. She gave him a smile of understanding.

The innkeeper approached the circle of kneeling men with an embarrassed manner. Once he made a movement as though he would kneel and then he took another step forward, looking at first one and then another of the circle of worshippers as though waiting for some sign of approval.

Suddenly he noticed his slave who had escorted the strangers to the stable the night before, standing near the great, bearded shepherd. The servant had a strange leer on his face and he kept his sullen gaze on his master as he stepped over closer to the bearded shepherd. The innkeeper watched him scarcely knowing what to do next. The slave was whispering to the old shepherd now and nodding in the direction of the innkeeper.

All at once the old shepherd's face became distorted with anger and he gave a glance toward the innkeeper that was pregnant with hatred and scorn. The slave stepped back with a smile of satisfaction on his face. Before the innkeeper could turn, the giant shepherd crossed the straw-littered floor of the stable and clutched the arm of the innkeeper in a grasp that was like iron. The innkeeper winced but before he could make a movement to free himself he felt his feet being hurried over the floor of the stable and before he could realize it the door was opened and he was being half-dragged, half pushed into the street, amid the laughter and jeers of the crowd.

Once on the cobbled street the giant, gray-bearded shepherd released his hold and struck the innkeeper in the face with such force that he was thrown down violently. Terrified he began to beg for mercy. The shepherd roughly hooked his shepherd's crook about the innkeeper's neck and brought him to his feet. Then he again clutched his arm with the vise like grip on his horny hand. The innkeeper was trembling and whimpering.

Now the shepherd spoke for the first time and his voice was like the cold blast of a winter's tempest as he cried, at the same time pointing down the street toward the inn.

"Go! Go! Hurry at once to the threshold! One who has a stopping place for travellers, that is as crowded as thy inn is at night, has no time to spare by day! Go!"

JAY G. SIGMUND.

Social Axioms

The Roads to Dartmoor and to Downing Street
Will never meet.

The path to Whitehall and the path to Hell
Run Parallel.

Both paved with Good Intentions sold in fee
Of Perjury.

Convicts and Cabinet portfolios are
Dissimilar

Only in virtue of their Origin.
They end where they begin.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

The Gift

A One Act Play by Jewell Bothwell Tull

A little Child, a Joy-of-heart, with eyes
Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
His daily speech so innocently wise
That all the town went telling:
"Jesus saith."
—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

Characters

Yēshūa (Yesi) (Hebrew for "Jesus")
Joseph
Mary
Harun, Abram, Micah } Friends of Yesi's
Simon, an Ethiopian child.

Scene: Joseph's workshop in Nazareth. There is a large work-bench center with boards and tools. A door at right opens into the court; another at left leads to the living-quarters. A cabinet stands at the right. There is a stool down left, another at the right of the table, and one in front of the work-bench.

Joseph is seated on the stool at right of bench, busy with some wood-cutting. The boy Yeshua stands at the left end of the table. He is a slender, beautiful lad dressed in simple white. Just now he is bending over his work, intent upon measuring-stick and hammer.

Joseph looks up and smiles.

JOSEPH: What are you making, Yesi?

YESI: Something for myself, I think. But maybe for Mary-Mother.

JOSEPH: Do you know what day this is?

YESI (*Looks up happily*): Yes. It is my birthday.

JOSEPH: Nine years ago in Bethlehem—

YESI: I remember!

JOSEPH (*laughs*): You cannot remember so well as that, my lad!

YESI: You have told me so often.

JOSEPH (*Rises and comes slowly down*): Yes.—It was a strange night—a strange and wondrous night!

YESI (*Comes toward him eagerly*): Sometimes I think I do remember—the manger, the lanterns, the cattle and the sheep. There was one tiny, baby lamb!—Strange men kneeling. A beautiful bright star—and voices singing. I remember what they sang—"Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men." (*He goes thoughtfully to the bench left and sits down.*) I remember another little song they sang. (*He sings in his childish, dreamy voice:*)

Bye-low, little Jesus,
Do not weep!
You shall wipe away all tears—
Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Because of Thee,
All the World shall brighter be,
Death shall lose its bitter sting—
Sleep, then, little King.

JOSEPH: Your mother used to sing that song to you.

YESI: Yes, when I was little.

JOSEPH: But you are a big boy now—nine years old!

YESI (*Stands and lifts his eyes, his face shining and eager*): Soon I must be about my Father's business.

JOSEPH: You are about your father's business now. It is a good business, and you will be a good carpenter.

(*The boy turns away, going back to the bench.*)

JOSEPH: But no more work today. This is a holiday. You shall do whatever you please!

YESI (*Coming back to Joseph*): You are kind to me.

JOSEPH: You are a good lad. (*He puts an affectionate hand upon the boy's shoulder.*) Wait! I think I shall show you something! (*He goes to the cabinet at right, taking a large key from a string about his neck, he unlocks the door and takes out a beautiful golden bowl set with precious stones.*) See! This is one of the gifts the Magi brought you. We have waited till you were old enough to know its value.

(*Wonderingly, the boy takes the bowl in both his hands.*)

YESI: Why should the Magi bring me gifts?

JOSEPH: Because some day you shall be a King, and rule over all of Israel! From David himself you are descended—that you know.

YESI (*Looks at the bowl*): May I have it now for myself?

JOSEPH: Not yet. You are not old enough. What would you do with it?

YESI (*Eagerly*): Micah's Grandmother is very ill. It would make her happy.

JOSEPH: Give it away? No, indeed! (*He takes the bowl from the boy and stands looking at it.*) It is all we have left that is real. All the rest is like a dream. (*He puts the bowl back into the cabinet and locks the door.*) Go and play now. (*The boy goes to the door, right.*) Not too long. Dinner is almost ready. Where will you go, you think?

YESI: Perhaps to see Simon.

JOSEPH: Simon, the Ethiop? The other boys do not play with him.

YESI: No. I don't know why. He is kind and good, but he is very lonely.

JOSEPH: You have strange play-fellows—a black slave-boy, a donkey, a crippled sparrow. Well, come back soon.

(*The child salutes by placing his hand to his heart and then to his forehead, and goes out. Joseph looks after him.*)

A dear lad, but strange.

(*Mary enters left.*)

MARY: Joseph, where is Yesi?

JOSEPH: I sent him out to play. It is his birthday.

MARY: Don't I know? I have been getting all the things he liked best for the birthday feast. (*She sits on the stool, left.*) Nine years old—my baby! Sometimes it seems like only yesterday — sometimes like something long and long ago. And then I think—it was only a dream—that night.

JOSEPH (*Points towards cabinet*): We have the Magi's golden bowl, remember!

MARY: It is my only comfort. And yet—often

I wish it were not true—that he was only my little boy like other little boys.

JOSEPH (*Sits at right of table. Shakes his head*): But he is different. Sometimes when I am in the room here alone with him, it seems as if the place were filled with unseen strangers—like that night in Bethlehem. And he will smile and murmur to himself. Sometimes he weeps. I ask him what he is thinking. I cannot understand his answers.

MARY: And I have had a strange dream lately. I had it again last night. There was a hill. It was dark and lonely. And on the hill stood a cross. It was an empty cross, and I was kneeling at its foot, weeping. When I awakened, the pain was still here in my heart. It seemed that it was he who was nailed to the cross, and they had just taken him away.

(*She covers her face with her hands and weeps.*)

(*Joseph comes towards her.*)

JOSEPH: But, Mary, it was only a dream.

MARY: It was only a dream I had before he was born, remember. And it was only a dream you had when we fled with him into Egypt. Oh, Joseph, comfort me!

(*She rises and goes to him. He puts his arm about her and sits with her on the bench in front of the table.*)

JOSEPH: Not all dreams mean something. There are many idle dreams. And a cross is only meant for thieves and murderers. Our son shall never be a thief or murderer. He shall be King some day, and rule over all Judea!

MARY (*Lifts her head and smiles*): You are right. And he is so sweet—so gentle! Everybody loves him. Why, even the birds fly down and perch upon his shoulder. I have seen him lift a snake in his hand and it did not bite him! The bees swarm around his head and never sting. He loves all things—all people.

JOSEPH: Yes. Even the little black boy, Simon, is his friend. The sick and the dying send for him to come. And the beggars bless him in the street.—No harm can come to him. Let us go make ready the birthday feast and be happy.

(*They go out left as the boy enters right. He is running and laughing, rubbing at his knee. He turns and talks to someone who seems to be standing just within the door. He chats easily and naturally as to one with whom he is on familiar and loving terms.*)

YESI: Did you see me fall down, Yahweh? (*He laughs gleefully.*) I rolled over and over down the hill! The man who picked me up said, "Did you think you were a snail that you travel like a snail?" "Snails do not go so fast," I said, "and I do not have so hard a skin!" Then we both laughed. See—it is getting black and blue. And did you see me riding on the donkey? (*He sits down on bench in front of table.*) It was such a funny little donkey! My feet almost touched the ground. And while I was riding—(*His face grows dreamy, his eyes looking straight ahead at some distant scene.*)—it seemed to me I could hear singing, and there were children waving palms, and a great gate, that seemed to be the Gate into Jerusalem. —What did it mean? (*He waits as if expecting an answer, then a little sadly*—) You won't tell me, Father. So many times you won't tell me what things mean. (*After a little he smiles in the direction of the door.*) Did you know it is my birthday? That was a beautiful gift the Magi brought me.—Yes,—there are two other gifts I'd like. (*He says this as if in answer to a question, and shyly as one not used to asking favors.*) I'd like you to help me with the sparrow—the one with the broken wing. And Micah's grandmother—she is dying. I have told her there is nothing to fear; I said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." But she is frightened. She thinks you will punish her because she was not always able to tithe; and when she was younger she did not keep all the fast days. There are other commandments, too, that she has broken. I tell her it does not matter if she loves you and is sorry. But she is still afraid. Send someone for her, when she must go, who will be very gentle with her. (*He waits wistfully, as though for an answer; then smiles and turns to the table.*)

Did you see what I am making for myself? (*He holds up a cross made of cedar wood.*) I shall give it to Mother Mary, I think. She will put it in the yard and grow roses round it. (*He waits, smiling toward the door. His face changes anxiously.*) You do not like it? You are weeping, Father! I will not give it to Mary, then. I will keep it for myself.

(*Mary enters left.*)

MARY: Yesi, you were talking to someone?

YESI (*Turns, startled, and looks at Mary*): Yes. My Father.

MARY: Your father? Your father is not here. He is out in the house with me—getting ready the birthday feast.

YESI (*Rises quickly and moves away from her*): I mean—my Father who is in Heaven. We were talking about my tumbling down the hill, and a funny little donkey I was riding—(*He laughs softly.*)

MARY: Yēshūa, my son! Sometimes I am afraid you are not reverent.

YESI (*Puzzled*): Not reverent? Afraid, you mean? Oh, no. He is my friend, my Father. We often talk and laugh together. We love each other.

MARY: Yesi, come here! (*She sits on the bench at left.*) Let me hold you the way I did when you were a little boy. (*She pulls him down into her lap.*) My big boy—nine years old! Be my baby again—let me sing to you the way I used to sing:

Bye-low, little Jesus,
Do not weep!
You shall wipe away all tears,
Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Because of Thee,
All the world shall brighter be.
Death shall lose its bitter sting—
Sleep then, little King.

(*His arms are about her neck. They cling closely to each other.*)

Little Yēshūa, never leave me—never go away and leave me! (*Gently he frees himself from her arms and stands up, his eyes lifted, his face radiant.*)

YESI: I am Yēshūa—God to help! Soon I must go to the Temple. Soon— (*There is the sound of children's voices and laughter.*)

MARY: Someone is coming. (*She crosses to the door R. and looks out.*) It is Micah and Abram and Harun. You must ask them to stay and share the birthday feast. (*Mary goes left as the children enter, right. They salute, calling "Peace be with you."*

YESI (*Greets them happily*): You are welcome! Mother Mary has said you shall share the birthday feast.

MICAH: That I should like, but can not. My Grandmother is waiting for me. She wishes that you

would come to her soon. But we can play a little while. It is your birthday, Yesi?

YESI: Yes. What shall we play? Shall we be shepherds, tending the sheep?

HARUN: Yes. You be the Shepherd, and I will be a sheep.

ABRAM: And so will I.

MICAH: No. We have a new game. It is called "Frog on a Log".

HARUN AND ABRAM (*Shout with glee*): Yes. That's the one to play!

MICAH: We must all say together, "Frog on a log, Frog on a log, Jump into the bog—Leap, frog, leap, frog!" And then we leap—like this. I'll be the frog and Harun'll be the log, then I'll be the log and—(*They play with shouts of laughter and repetitions of the jingle.*)

(*A little ragged, black boy appears in the doorway and calls timidly, "Yesi".*)

YESI: Oh, Simon; Come in and play with us. (*He takes Simon's hand. They stand watching the others who, continuing their play, have not noticed the entrance of Simon. Then Yesi bends down and Simon jumps over him and tries to jump over Micah who is next. But Micah is too tall and is thrown to the floor with Simon on top of him. Micah leaps angrily to his feet.*)

MICAH: You black devil! What are you doing here? You threw me down! (*He lifts his arm to strike Simon, but Yesi steps between and receives the blow upon his own face.*)

MICAH (*Frightened and sorry*): I didn't mean to hurt you, Yesi!

YESI: And Simon didn't mean to hurt you, Micah.

MICAH: That black imp! He is a slave. His father was a slave in Egypt.

YESI: Our fathers were once slaves in Egypt, Micah.

MICAH: Not black slaves.

YESI: Does that matter? God is his Father, also.

MICAH: Jehovah—his God? Jehovah is the God of the Jews! *He* is an Ethiop.

YESI: Jehovah is the God of all the people upon the earth and of all creatures, too.

MICAH: Yesi! You blaspheme! And Grandmother thinks you are so wise and good! She says you are descended from David the King, and that someday you shall rule over all Judea. Is that so?

YESI (*Quietly*): It may be so.

MICAH: And when you are a king with silver and gold, and purple robes, will you still be my friend?

YESI (*Smiles*): Yes, Micah. (*He turns to Simon and holds out his hand.*) And Simon's friend.

MICAH: He could be your slave—not your friend.

YESI: He is my brother, and you are my brother.

MICAH (*Draws away from the outstretched hand*): That would make Simon my brother, too. He is not my brother! I shall tell Grandmother that you are a blasphemer! (*He stamps out of the room followed by the other two boys.*)

YESI (*Looks after them sadly, then turns to Simon*): Simon, you shall stay and share the birthday feast with me.

SIMON: Yesi—I came to tell you—. You *are* my friend. I knew you were my friend. No one else here is my friend. My father is to be sold into slavery again, and I with him. He has no money for his ransom. We have no place to hide—no food—

YESI: My Simon! We cannot let this be. I will ask my father, Joseph. (*He starts toward door left, and hesitates.*) But he has not the money for the ransom. (*Suddenly his face lights happily.*) The Magi's golden bowl! It is worth a king's ransom!

(*He crosses quickly to the cabinet at right and puts his hand upon the knob of the door.*)

YESI: It is mine. He said that it was mine. I shall ask him for the key. (*Suddenly the door swings open beneath his hand. He gazes at it in amazement.*) It was locked—and now it is open!—I thank you, my Father.—See, Simon! (*He takes the bowl and brings it to Simon.*) The Magi's gift. It is gold set with precious stones. Sell it. There will be plenty for the ransom and for food. It is mine. I give it to you. (*Simon takes the bowl and falls upon his knees, kissing the hem of Yesi's tunic.*)

SIMON: You are my friend—you are my master! (*He gets up and runs quickly out. Yesi watches him go, then drops upon his knees.*)

YESI: My Father, I thank thee. Be kind to Simon and to Micah. Make them to love each other. Help me to teach them the way. (*Joseph enters from left.*)

JOSEPH: Yesi, the feast is ready. Where are the boys? Mary said that Micah and Harun—Yesi! The cabinet! The door is open! (*He goes quickly and in great fear to the cabinet.*) The bowl is gone!—The Magi's golden bowl!

YESI (*Who has risen, comes to his father*): Yes. I gave it to Simon.

JOSEPH: You—what are you saying!

YESI: Simon's father was to be sold again into slavery, and Simon, also, because they had not the ransom money. They have no food, no—

JOSEPH: Simon! He is a thief—

YESI: No! No! I gave it to him— (*But Joseph unheeding, has run out into the court and is heard calling, "Stop him! Stop that black thief there!" The cry is taken up by other voices: "Thief!—Thief! Get that black thief, Simon!"*)

Yesi runs to the door, looking anxiously out, then comes back to bench at R. of table, dropping down upon it in despair burying his face in his hands.

YESI: Father, help me—help me now! (*Joseph comes back, holding the frightened little Simon roughly by the arm and pushing him into the room. The other boys have re-entered, whispering excitedly, "Thief! I knew he was a thief!"*)

JOSEPH: Now then, you black rascal, how did you come by this? (*He takes the bowl from Simon's hands.*)

YESI: I told you Joseph-father, I gave it to him.

JOSEPH (*Turns to Yesi*): And how did you get it? The cabinet was locked.

YESI: It opened. It is my Father's will that Simon should have the bowl.

JOSEPH: Your father? It is not *my* will!

YESI: You said the bowl was mine.

JOSEPH: But not to give away! Yesi, I am very angry with you. You are disobedient, and I fear you blaspheme. (*He crosses toward the cabinet with the bowl.*)

YESI (*Goes to Simon*): Weep not, my Simon. We will find a way. See—I have another gift for you! (*He goes to the table and brings the cross he has been making.*) This is my own. I shall give it to you. (*Suddenly his face grows strange. He looks long at*

Simon, then slowly turns, his eyes looking far into the future. He lifts the cross in his right hand.) Simon shall help me bear the cross up the hill to Calvary.

(*Simon falls upon his knees at Yesi's feet, his shining eyes upon the cross. Mary enters and cries out.*)

MARY: Joseph—my dream! The cross! What does it mean?

YESI: It means Love—Forgiveness—Life Everlasting. (*There is silence. Then Joseph comes and humbly kneels at the boy's feet. He places the golden bowl in Simon's hands.*)

JOSEPH: It is yours. He gave it to you.

(*A strange, bright light shines down upon them. On the plain wall at the back is thrown the dark shadow of the cross. Mary, with a cry, sinks down upon the bench and covers her face with her hands.*)

The End.

A Thought at Christmas

Above the plains of Palestine
The stars are shining still,
And lonely shepherds watch their flocks
On many a rocky hill;
But angel throngs no longer sing:
"Good-will and peace on earth,"
As through the cloven skies they sang
The night of Jesus' birth.

Yet still the song is echoing,
It rises clear and high:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
That chorus cannot die,
For human voices now take up
The glorious refrain,
And to the waiting skies send back
The old, angelic strain.

The deserts of Arabia
Lie barren as of old,
And caravans of camels plod
With loads of myrrh and gold.
But star-led Magi do not ride
In haste unto the west,
To see a prophecy fulfilled:
A babe on Mary's breast.

Yet still do wise-men hasten forth
On distant journeying—
Though not across the desert wastes,
And not to find a king.
They search aloft, 'mid stars and suns,
Beyond earth's farthest zone,
And lead all questing human minds
To vastnesses unknown.

Not only in the years gone by
Can miracles be found;
With marvels past imagining
Will future years abound.
So, while with love we cherish now
The wonder-tales of yore,
Like Magi we would follow still
The star that shines before.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

Correspondence

Reliable News from India

Editor of UNITY:

At last we have two excellent London periodicals, easily obtainable by us in America, which give news from India that is trustworthy and as frank as can be obtained from any source. One is the *India Review,* a fortnightly, about the size of our American *Nation* or *New Republic,* published by an independent group. The other is the *India Bulletin,* about the same size, published monthly by "The Friends of India Society." Both are thoroughly outspoken and courageous. Both have first class writers, such as Laurence Housman, Bertrand Russell, Harold Laskar, C. F. Andrews, George Lansbury, Dr. V. H. Rutherford, H. S. Brailsford, and S. P. Sinha. There is no better work for India being done anywhere than in these vigorous pages. They ought to have a lot of subscribers in America, and it is so very easy to subscribe!

If you want the paper first named, just address a note to the *India Review,* 146 Strand, London, W. C. 2, including a P. O. money order for $1.65 and it will come to you promptly, for a year, post paid. If you want the other paper, address your letter to the *India Bulletin,* care of "The Friends of India Society," 46 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2., inclosing a P. O. money order for 65 cents. Be assured that you will get your full money's worth, besides greatly helping the Indian cause. Why should not a hundred orders for both periodicals be sent by UNITY readers at once?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Catherine Breshkovsky at 90 Years

Editor of UNITY:

Catherine Breshkovsky, "the Little Grandmother of the Russian revolution," will soon enter her 90th year. She has lately become blind.

A nobleman's daughter, she early devoted herself to the welfare of the peasants, and spent many years in prison and in exile. George W. Kennan, who saw her in Siberia, said, "My standards of courage, of fortitude, and of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman." Later, unable to live in Russia because she was out of sympathy with the Bolsheviki, she founded two boarding schools for poor children in Russian Carpathia, now a part of the Czechoslovak republic. She has maintained them chiefly with American money. She sends me the following letter, with the entreaty to circulate it as widely as possible:

"To My Beloved American Friends, and to all Students, Boys and Girls:

"To you I address my humble and almost desperate plea for help. You know of my work. In twelve years hundreds of boys and girls have passed through my boarding schools, and many have become primary teachers. I got the money not only from rich men, but from many school girls and school boys. And all of us were happy.

"Some of our pupils were very talented. They wished to enter the university, and later to become teachers in the high schools of their native district, where there is great need for education. I chose some of the most gifted and good-hearted boys and girls, and helped them to enter the University of Prague. Up to last year I succeeded somehow in getting enough help from America, in money and in second-hand clothing, to support about ten students. But this year, owing to the world-wide depression, the aid from America has fallen off so much that, unless more help comes, some of my best students will have to leave the university. They will either be thrown on the streets, or will have to go back to their poor villages. This causes even more grief to me than to my unfortunate boys and girls.

"Soon I shall enter my 90th year. My dear friends, I beg and pray you to help me to die joyfully!

"Catherine Breshkovsky."

Her address is Catherine Breshkovsky, Drubezarna, P. Horny Pocernice, U Prahy, Prague, Czechoslovakia. Money may be safely sent her in a cashier's check. It should be made payable in American dollars, or I will gladly forward any contributions.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Mass.

Praise for Mr. Argow

Editor of UNITY:

I am elated at W. Waldemar Argow's being advanced to the Editorial Board.

Montebello, California. W. B. CALKINS.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 210)

ture, it is declared, rests on conciliatory action.

Arrests of Women and Children

Mr. Haig, the British member of the Government in charge of law and order, stated in the Indian Legislative Assembly, according to the *Bombay Chronicle* of September 16, "that up to July last 2,711 women were jailed owing to the Civil Disobedience movement and also 2,293 boys under 16 years of age. Last year the number of boys was 2,152."

Public Land Sales Show Wide No-Tax Movement in Bengal

In reply to a question in the Bengal Legislative Council, according to the *Bombay Chronicle* of September 14, "Sir P. C. Mitter stated that in North and East Bengal 899 estates had actually been sold for arrears of land revenue; in 1931-32 some 8,796 estates were advertised for sale, of which 564 were actually sold; in June, 1932, 3,984 were advertised for sale of which 300 had been sold. A large number of the estates could not be sold for want of buyers. . ."

Only a few weeks ago Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, referred to "the tendency of landlords (zamindars) to hand over their estates to the Government for management to escape the vicious and inevitable results of the depression and the consequences of the Government policy."

British Tories Emphasize Hostility to Freeing of India

At the recent annual conference of the British Conservative Party at Blackpool, attended by some 1,700 delegates, India was one of the chief topics of discussion. According to the *London Times* of October 7, the speeches and proposed resolutions against yielding anything further to India got so hot that Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, "asked the conference to be cautious not to pass a resolution that would make the task of the Government in India more difficult than it need be." He finally got them with difficulty to restrain the wording of their resolution.

But Lord Salisbury in a letter to the editor of the *London Times* on October 11 referred to "the overwhelming feeling displayed at the Conservative Conference," and said that "there is little doubt that this great audience truly represented the anxiety with which the large majority of instructed persons in this country regard the problem. . . I am sure the anxiety of the Conference was justified. In this connection Mr. Gandhi is certainly not negligible.

An Estimate of Probabilities

Because of the attitude of the British Tory party in power, the November conference in London between British officials and Indian appointees of the Government will probably fail to satisfy the Indian Moderates. They might refuse its results, but more likely they will accept because they care more for their present position than they do for Indian freedom, and they are afraid that with independence the Indian Congress would reduce their privileges. Nevertheless, the Moderates will accept the conference results only reluctantly and with soreness and suspicion against the British Government.

The Indian Princes will probably delay or may even refuse federation. The British Tories and British bureaucrats in India will yield as little as possible, probably only the so-called "provincial autonomy," with drastic powers for the British provincial governors and strong British control of the central government. This will satisfy only a very small group of Moslem self-seekers. The remaining Indian opposition will either refuse entirely to cooperate with the Government in starting the new constitution or else will make it useless in operation. The new proposed constitution cannot possibly pass Parliament until late next spring. By then Indian government finances bid fair to be much worse, Indian resentment against the ordinances far more bitter, and the British Government at home will be facing much stronger opposition from other parties. In the impasse, the Congress program will secure still wider and stronger allegiance. Eventually Gandhi will have to be released, and he will immediately command an overwhelming majority in the work for increased unity, discipline and self-reliance until Swaraj is won. The entire tendency of forces appears to be against British power in India and in favor of the Indian National Congress.

—*American League for India's Freedom, 383 Bible House, New York City.*

Note

MAN! the new anarchist monthly journal edited by Marcus Graham, is to appear in January instead of November, as originally announced.

Essays, stories, poems and drawings of a Libertarian nature are invited, but no payment can be made, as the journal is to be sent free to anyone, and will depend on voluntary contributions for its sole subsistence. The address is: M. Graham, 1000 Jefferson St., Oakland, Cal.

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